

Peter and the Wolf Where?

“Goodnight Peter!”

“Goodnight Mum!”

“Goodnight Dad!”

“Goodnight anachronistic Nanny character who lives in cupboard number one and only comes out in the daytime!”

Peter climbed into bed and turned out the light.

He waited for sleep to come. He waited for the sounds of cupboard number two.

Yes! There it was! The muffled thump and rattle and shuffle as cupboard number two began to activate. Cupboard number two was the night cupboard, taking over from Nanny Quando’s daytime shift.

A few more shuffles and clicks and the door of cupboard number two swung open.

After a momentary dramatic pause Professor Do-Doest stepped out of his cupboard and into the room.

“Ahem!” Professor Do-Doest cleared his throat. he waved his arms and the nightlight glowed a little brighter. “Look Peter, as I improve the room!”

The professor waved his arms again and the walls of the room were crawling with glow bugs of every colour and style, glow bugs who flashed and flickered and transformed the room into a magical colour scheme of upwards of two dozen different kinds of rainbow from various planets with different atmospheric densities and electromagnetic frequencies. It was like an indoor exhibition of an aurora borealis selection box!

“What do you think, Peter?” asked the professor.

“It’s a bit much” shrugged Peter, “Maybe take it down a notch?”

“Oh, you’re no fun” grimaced the professor, pretending to turn down one of the glow bugs. “I thought you might want to have an adventure” said the professor, petulantly.

“Like what?” asked Peter with a note of suspicion in his voice.

“Want to see a werewolf?” The professor’s eyes blazed with excitement.

Peter considered. He was very good at considering. Considering was a whole routine he'd developed which involved walking up and down, stroking his chin, looking doubtful and cross-examining the professor.

Pacing, Peter asked "A real werewolf?"

"Yes" the professor replied.

"Isn't that a bit... ..dangerous?"

"Yes".

"Would we need to go up close to it".

"Possibly. Could be".

"Are we going to catch it?"

"I rather think not. It might object".

"Hmmm".

"Well? Are you in on this adventure?"

"I suppose I might go along, just for educational purposes".

"That's the spirit, young Peter!" The professor laughed, "Educational purposes!!"

The professor spun round and round as though he were on some sort of roundabout. In a few moments Peter and the professor were in Storyland, the other world where the moon has a face with a moustache and the trees have a tendency to walk about and say "Howyado?" to each other.

"And we're walking!" Exclaimed the professor, taking several great strides forward amongst the shuffling trees which responded with "Ooh, howjadoo? Do you come here often?"

Peter hurried to keep up with the professor who repeated "And we're walking!" as he waved an umbrella he'd suddenly acquired from somewhere.

They passed the mouth of the subterranean tunnel and the little tiny house where the giant somehow managed to live (Peter was still puzzling over that). They passed the swamp where the muck monster was wallowing in a depression and the house of the three witches from Macbeth and the fortified bunker of the three little pigs and the house where Gregor Samsa was metamorphosing through the three levels of Samsara with his friends Sam and Sara.

Eventually they came to the forest which doesn't walk or talk.

Peter followed the professor into the undergrowth until the professor held up his hand to indicate “stop”.

The professor whispered “Look” and Peter looked.

It was mirror tree. Festooned with mirrors of every sort.

As Peter looked at his reflection he noticed that each reflection was different. Each one was not what he looked like but they were all different and they all kept changing. Not what he looked like in one way. Not what he looked like in another way. Not what he looked like in so many different ways. Then, suddenly, they were all the same and they showed only one view of Peter. It was Peter with hair all over his face. Peter with very sharp teeth. Peter was a werewolf!!!

Terrified by his own reflection Peter turned and ran and ran and ran.
Suddenly light burst into the clearing.

It was Nanny Quando pulling back the curtains. “Rise and shine, sleepyhead!” she said....
.....and the day began.